All deere natures children: ſweete-
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete *Strew Flowers.*
Bleſſing their ſence.
Not an angle of the aire,
Bird melodious, or bird faire,
Is abſent hence.

The Crow, the ſlaundrous Cuckoe, nor
The boding Raven, nor Clough hee
Nor chattring Pie,
May on our Bridehouſe pearch or ſing,
Or with them any diſcord bring
But from it fly.

Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailes ſtaind, with imperiall Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of Theſeus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The 3. before Emilia.

1. *Qu.* For pitties ſake and true gentilities,
Heare, and reſpect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers ſake,
And as you wiſh your womb may thrive with faire ones,
Heare and reſpect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Iove* hath markd
The honour of your Bed, and for the ſake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our diſtreſſes: This good deede
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Treſpaſſes
All you are ſet downe there.

Theſeus. Sad Lady riſe.

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.
What woman I may ſteed that is diſtreſt,
Does bind me to her.

Theſ. What's your requeſt? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. Queenes, whoſe Soveraignes fel before
The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Kights,

And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebs.
He will not ſuffer us to burne their bones,
To urne their aſhes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortall loathſomenes from the bleſt eye
Of holy *Phœbus*, but infects the windes
With ſtench of our ſlaine Lords. O pitty Duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword
That does good turnes to'th world; give us the Bones
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;
And of thy boundles goodnes take ſome note
That for our crowned heades we have no roofe,
Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,
And vault to every thing.

Theſ. Pray you kneele not,
I was tranſported with your Speech, and ſuffer'd
Your knees to wrong themſelves; I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead Lords, which gives me ſuch lamenting
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em.
King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day
That he ſhould marry you, at ſuch a ſeaſon,
As now it is with me, I met your Groome,
By *Marſis Altar*, you were that time faire;
Not *Iunos Mantle* fairer then your Treſſes,
Nor in more bounty ſpread her. Your wheaten wreathe
Was then nor threaſhd, nor blaſted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her Cheeke with ſmiles: *Hercules* our kineſman
(Then weaker than your eies) laide by his Club,
He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide
And ſwore his ſinews thawd: O greife, and time,
Fearefull conſumers, you will all devoure.

1. *Qu.* O I hope ſome God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
Whereto he infuſe powre, and preſſe you forth
Our undertaker.

Theſ. O no knees, none Widdow,
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona uſe them,
And pray for me your Souldier.
Troubled I am. *turnes away.*